

and succeeding this a bath of bichloride of mercury, 1-5000, and fresh clothing put on, that has not been in the sick-room or in contact with infection, before he may mingle with the public. The room and all infected articles are then thoroughly disinfected.

THE NURSE FROM A PATIENT'S POINT OF VIEW

By E. F. H.

THE faculty of warning, comforting and commanding, which Wordsworth ascribed to his Perfect Woman, I believe we ex-patients or patients-to-be like to feel our nurses possessed of, without, perhaps, acknowledging in our well moments that we do. All of us who have been ill and shut in by our own four walls, for weeks, lose for the time being our power to make the best use of that sixth sense (common sense), lose too some self-control, and our point of view does not extend much beyond the thing we want and, like the bad boy of the soap advertisement, we won't be happy till we get it. At this juncture, when we know we are behaving like children, it's really comforting to have the presiding genius of the room, disguised in cool, quiet stripes, come to the bedside and stand looking down with kindly eyes, smiling at our vagaries, a pleasant mouth saying *No*, with just a little shake of the head emphasizing it, and we succumb to the inevitable, usually very gracefully.

It's that innate respect for authority in the hands of those amply fitted to wield it, by special preparation for the work they are engaged in, that makes us acquiesce in their view, no matter where in life we may meet them.

Now what characteristics in a nurse make us respect her authority? Just the same, we might say, that impel our admiration and respect for any one we meet. Yes, but a nurse is a member of a profession, the most splendid a woman can enter, one that should be governed by the highest ideals, and so, perhaps, it is just as well to define at least some of these characteristics.

As a prerequisite, the best of technical training, devotion to her work, pride in it, sincerity, large-mindedness, great sympathy with suffering, which is deepened and broadened by experience rather than dulled by it, and a spirit of cheerfulness and helpfulness which is brought to bear on the smallest household worry and isn't limited to the immediate needs of the patient—from alcohol rubs to rubbing the cook

the right way; it's that spirit of "helping out" which is sometimes more beneficial to the patient than medicine or the most expert training.

Then the mere physical side of things affects to a great degree a patient's pleasure and comfort, and right here let me make a plea for the uniform in its entirety, cap, collar, cuffs, and all! It is so restful, it is so business-like, its freshness and crispness are so soothing to the tired eyes of the patient.

A nurse's step and voice have much of comfort or distress in them. A soft yet firm tread gives the impression of strength and vitality, and a well-modulated voice is a blessing indeed to nerves all a-tangle. A daintily arranged tray clinches a fickle appetite, and an interest in the patient's little personal vanities, arranging wayward locks in the most becoming way, and a feeling for ribbons in nightgowns (I know they are a bore), all these little frivolities bring to the patient a zest for life that a diet of broth and toast for the time being may have dimmed. A sense of humor is most salutary, especially if it be reciprocal. A love of books and the ability to read entertainingly whiles away many a tedious hour.

In this, as in every other profession, a good education back of the training makes everything easier, and it's one of the things all of us Americans are heir to, if we'll only take it.

What I think our training-schools need to-day is not so much a higher standard of technical training (though that can never be too high), but a higher standard applied to the character of applicants, both as to their mental and moral development.

Solomon when he wrote his rhapsody on the Virtuous Woman, even if he didn't know it certainly had the ideal nurse in mind. She looketh well to the ways of her patient, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Strength and honor are her clothing, and indeed she shall rejoice in time to come, for her patients rise up and call her blessed.

EPITAPH in an old English churchyard:

This is the grave of Susan Gray,
Who left this earth on a summer day.
She had two legs and a baddish cough,
But it was her legs that carried her off.